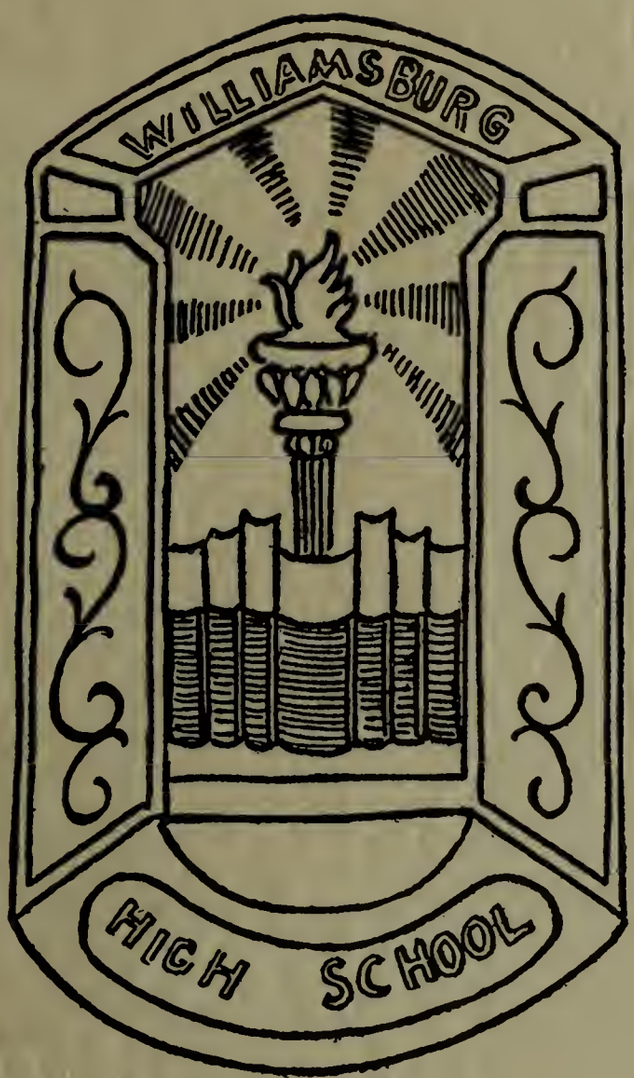
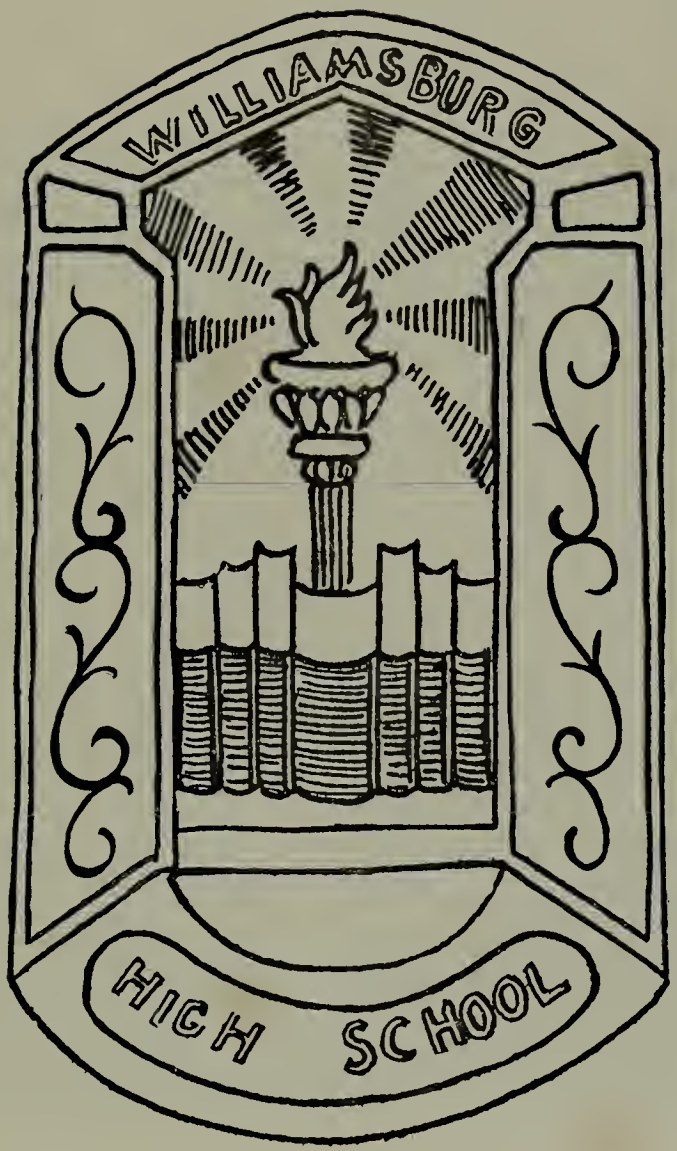


THE TATTLER

1950



THE TATTLER

WILLIAMSBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

1950

Dedication

To Mr. Branch our friend and confidant, the class of 1950 gratefully dedicates this issue of the Tattler.

THE TATTLER

WILLIAMSBURG HIGH SCHOOL

Editor-in-Chief	Reta Ice
Assistant Editor	Murilyn Grades
Business Manager	Warren McAvoy
Assistants	Robert Liimatainen, Edward Marritt, Allen Warner, Marion Johnson
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Assistant	Jean Ellen Harlow
Alumni Editor	Jane Smith
Sports Editor	Philip Morin
Assistant	Marilyn Black
Exchange Editor	Elaine Outhuse
Assistant	Anna Mae Sincage
Faculty Advisors	Maria Lovechio, Frances Grinnell

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DONALD H. BALDWIN

"He's a wonderful talker, who has the art of telling you nothing in a great harangue."

Glee Club 1; Baseball 1, 3; Basketball 3; Christmas Ball Committee 3; Prom Committee 3; Class Play 4; School Paper Staff 4.

Downright devilish
Hardly a scholar
Boisterous

LUCY BARNAS

"Sober, *steadfast and demure.*"

Glee Club 1; Prom Committee 3; Class Play Committee 4.

Likeable and quiet
Bashful with boys

JOYCE M. COLSON

"Marriage is a thing you've got to give your whole mind to."

Chorus 1, 2, 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Christmas Ball 3; Prom Committee 3; School Paper 3, 4; Freshman Reception 4; Class Play Committee 4.

Jolly manner
Marvelous personality
"**C**ute"

ANNE B. GATES

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Glee Club 4; Chorus 4; School Paper Staff; Class Play Committee 4.

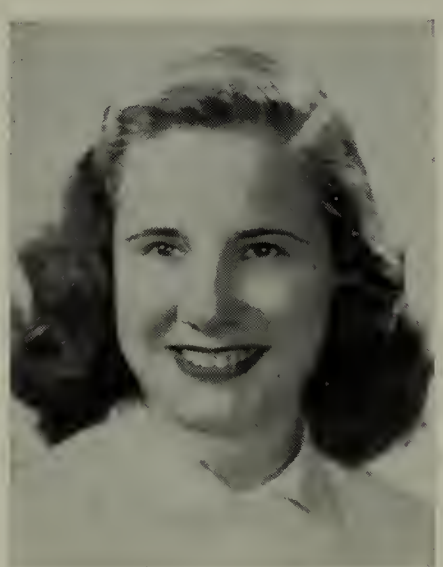
Amiable, but shy
Bashful scholar
Gentle and quiet

RETA M. ICE

"Believe me friend Hollaballoo! The greatest events are not our noisiest, but our stillest hours."

Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Historian 1, 4; Forensic League 3; Girl's Basketball 3; Christmas Ball 3; Prom Committee 3; Class President 3; School Paper 3, 4; "Tattler" Staff 3, 4; Class Play 4.

Rather sarcastic
Mind of her own
Ideal classmate



MARION E. JOHNSON

"In thy face I see the map of honor, truth and loyalty."

Glee Club 1, 2 3, 4; School Paper Staff 1, 4; Class Vice-President 2, 3; Christmas Ball 3; Prom Committee 3; Chorus 3, 4; Pro Merito 3, 4; "Tattler" Staff 4; D.A.R. Good Citizen 4; Class Play 4.

Mischievous smile
Easy to like
Jokes a lot

ROBERT L. LIIMATAINEN

"Men of few words are the best men."

Glee Club 1, 3; Christmas Ball Committee 3; Prom Committee 3; Chorus 4; Freshman Reception 4; "Tattler" Staff 4; Class Play 4.

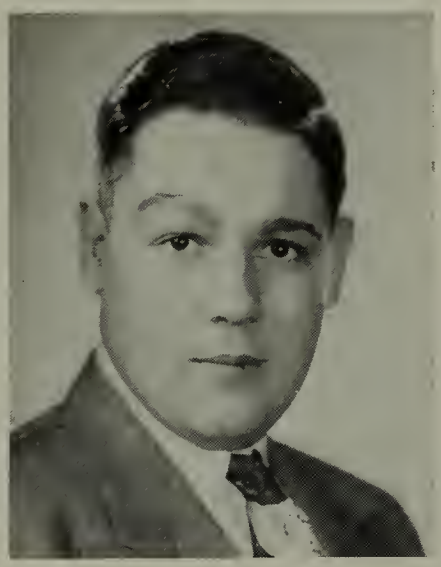
Reliable student
Likely to succeed
Lover of sports

SHIRLEY E. MAGDALENSKI

"She's sudden if a thing comes in her head."

Forensic League 1; Cheerleader 1; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; School Paper Staff 2, 3, 4; Christmas Ball 3; Prom Committee 3; Class Play 4.

Seldom serious
Energetic fatalist
Man's only worry other than the H bomb



WARREN O. McAVOY

"Men must endure his going hence, even as his coming hither."

Chorus 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Baseball 3; Christmas Ball 3; Prom Committee 3; "Tattler" Staff; Class Play 4.

Wonderful photographer
One of the best
Manly and well dressed

ROBERT C. McCORD

"You may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar."

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Prom Committee 3; Christmas Ball 3; Class Play Committee 4.

Really nice looking
Cautiously wolfish
Master of wit

JOYCE M. MORIN

"Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak."

Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheerleader 1, 2, 3; Class Historian 3; Christmas Ball; Prom Committee 3; School Paper Staff 3, 4; Class Play 4.

John's other life
Much ado about nothing
Man's best friend

PHILIP V. MORIN

"Idleness is an appendix to nobility."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; School Paper Staff 2, 3, 4; Christmas Ball 3; Prom Committee 3; Tattler Staff 4; Class Play 4.

Popular sportsman
Vitalis fan
Makes girls swoon

ELAINE OUTHUSE

"Everyone thinks his sack heaviest."

Forensic League 1; Chorus 2, 3, 4; School paper staff 2, 3, 4; Christmas Ball Committee 3; Prom Committee 3; Glee Club 3, 4; Pro Merito 3, 4; "Tattler" Staff 4; Class Treasurer 4; Class Play 4.

Everybody's friend
Original in Art

EARL E. RICHARDSON

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment."

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Christmas Ball 3; Prom Committee 3; Class Play Committee 4.

Enthusiastic sports fan
Eager beaver
Really full of fun

KATHLEEN ANNE SABO

"Will and Intellect are one and the same thing."

Class President 1; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 4; Forensic League 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary 2; American Legion Oratorical Contest and Medal 2; Elks' Essay School Award 2, 3; Class Treasurer 3; N.F.L. Degree of Excellence 3; United Nations Contest—Certificate of Distinction 3; Elks' District Award 3; Prom Committee 3; Pro Merito 3, 4; School Paper Staff 2, 3, 4; "Tattler" Staff 3, 4; Class Play 4.

Keen sense of humor
Apparently a red-head
Successful in her undertakings

ROBERT B. SHARPE

"A few strong instincts and a few plain wiles."

Chorus 1; Christmas Ball 3; Junior Prom 3; Class Play Committee 4.

Ready for anything
Beginner at the end
Slyly shy

ANNA MAE SINCAGE

"As good be out of the world as out of fashion."

Class Historian 1; Chorus 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheer Leader 1, 2, 3, 4; Basketball 2; School Paper Staff 2, 3, 4; Christmas Ball Committee 3; Prom Committee 3; "Tattler" Staff 3, 4; Class Play 4; Class Secretary 4.

Animated conversationalist
Marry Harvey?
Sort of sweet

ALLEN O. WARNER

"So much one man can do
That does both act and know."

Forensic League 1; Glee Club 1, 3; Baseball 2, 3, 4; Christmas Ball 3; School Paper Staff 3, 4; Pro Merito 3, 4; Prom Committee 3; Class President 2, 4; "Tattler" Staff 4; Class Play 4.

Artful antagonist
Outstanding student
Wolf by brotherly instinct

CHARLES W. WARNER

"His words, replete with guile, into her heart easy entrance won."

Baseball 1, 2, 3; Prom Committee 3; Freshman Reception 4; Class Play 4.

Carefree and devil-may-care
Wanton with affection
Wolf by profession

HENRY J. WARNER

"Woe be to him who reads but one book."

Baseball 1, 2, 3; Treasurer 2; Christmas Ball Committee 3; Prom Committee 3; School Paper Staff 4; Class Play 4.

Happy-go-lucky
Just a swell guy
Wolf by nature

Class History of 1950

Our class had always been known for its ambitious students — not for studying, but for traveling—and that is why on September 4, 1946, a group of thirty-six travelers landed on the planet of Mars. How did we get there? We flew! How did we get out of the power of gravity from earth?—Well, that news is not yet ready for publication! All I know is that on the morning of June 16, 1946, it had been predicted that our group would proceed into an unknown world, a place that had never been inhabited by creatures of our particular kind or size or ambition, and that when we learned that our destination was Mars, we couldn't wait for September when we would begin our exploration.

For many of us who had never been any farther than Boston or New York, what a journey! The suspense and excitement of leaving LaGuardia Airport, in New York, in August, was really more than most of us could endure, because we didn't know what lay ahead of us. Six rocket ships had been reserved for us, and had all the accommodations of a modern home. We were quite excited and watched the air field become smaller and smaller as we flew away. Many of us had tears in our eyes, for we did not know when we would return to the good Earth. By the time we had traveled 700 miles, we began to feel the force of gravity which kept pulling us back and saying: "Come back, you don't know what you're in for, come back!" We could feel that we were being pulled, and also could hear the warning, but between our stubbornness and the motors of the rockets, we continued on. Oh, what a memorable feeling as we soon came in sight of the planet! We had traveled 57,000,000 miles and arrived at our destination on September 4, 1946, in the little town of Williamsburg, Mars.

From then on it was a life that should be experienced by many others. Having very little oxygen and water, we became dwarfs and were the Men and Women of Mars. Our chief guide, who was also Queen of the "little people," was Queen Anne Dunphy, and her assistant guide for that year was Sir Edward Foster. They both informed us that our task while there would be to acquire all the knowledge possible about our surroundings in order to then pass on this store of information to others. Of course, in any new place, the work for a few days is easy, but after becoming acquainted with our fellow men and chief advisors, the advisors began giving large assignments which many found quite difficult to do. Some even began to talk of leaving Mars, and returning to Earth for Freedom, and a world of fresh air. Instead a committee was elected to see what they could do about the tremendous problem. Anne Sabo was elected president, with four assistants to keep a general record of the proceedings. Dorrance Bates was elected vice-president; Charles Mollison, secretary; Norman Bates, treasurer; and Reta Ice, historian. Their investigation revealed that the average stay of exploration parties on Mars was four years. But very little progress was made so that on the evening of October 6, 1946, most of us thought that we were about to meet our doom at a reception planned to test our endurance. We there became acquainted with the general student body of Mars who had all had the same futile hope of escape as we. They, however, were nearing their goal. What we had gotten ourselves into, we really didn't know. How long we were to stay was up to most of us to decide.

Before two months had passed, another "man" from Earth decided to join us, and while the rocket was still on Mars, two of our friends left. They just couldn't stand being away from home any longer. Our guide, Sir Foster, was very good to us and gave us an interesting trip. We even thought he might

show us a way to escape, but it was a useless hope because he was under the jurisdiction of Queen Dunphy, and no one ever dared do anything against her wishes for fear of receiving the worst punishment ever contrived: staying after school for fifteen minutes for each minute wasted in school, and there were many who had other uses for their afternoons. Oh, dear, what a life!

Regardless of what our committee tried to do for us, everything proved useless. One by one a "little man" would plead to return home, so that by June 24, 1947, three had left, and approximately three more left between June and October of 1947. How bad we felt to see our friends leave, and how lonely we were for the friends on Earth and the fresh air and water! We had spent one year on Mars and still the most had yet to be accomplished. We had to make the acquaintance of our new guide, Sir Raymond Williamson. What a faithful person and friend! It was through him that we learned that a person of average intelligence could leave the planet at the end of four years' exploration with a little knowledge of his surroundings, so a great many decided to take advantage of this opportunity to see if he was telling the truth. But some thought they could leave in a shorter time, and so they appointed another committee to see if this one could do any better than the one the year before. Allan Warner was chosen president; Marion Johnson, vice-president; Anne Sabo, secretary; Henry Warner, treasurer; and Anna Mae Sincage, historian. But even that group proved useless. By the summer of 1948, five had decided to leave us forever. They had the idea that they had already acquired sufficient information for their purposes.

In the fall of 1948, twenty-two reported for the first day of classes. Again we had to make the acquaintance of another guide, Sir Robert Branch. Before two weeks had elapsed, another thought that the money earned on earth was more important than the learning obtained on Mars, and left us. A committee again was elected to see what they could do with the problem. Reta Ice was elected president; Marion Johnson, vice-president; Robert Liimatainen, secretary; and Anne Sabo, treasurer. During this year we had the privilege of putting on two activities by which to earn money for the required expedition into the most mysterious and treacherous parts of Mars, to take place the last year of our stay. Our treasury gradually grew, but not fast enough to satisfy our demands. One more year had gone with just one left.

On September 7, 1949, twenty reported for their first class in their last year. We had to make the acquaintance of a new guide, Lady Maria Lovechio. Another member was added to our group, but one left, one who had been our most cheerful companion for three years. We still had twenty students, but what was quite unusual, ten men and ten women. Never had there been a group like ours. Again a committee was elected to decide the best way to help us escape from the planet. The persons chosen were Allan Warner, president; Robert Liimatainen, vice-president; Anna Mae Sincage, secretary; Elaine Outhuse, treasurer.

We all knew that back on Earth our parents were eagerly waiting for our arrival on June 23. But before returning home, we had to undertake a journey to the most remote region of Mars. In order to finance such an expedition, a play, "Everybody's Getting Married," a title that fit our class perfectly, was produced. At last the day arrived for our first public appearance. What a thrilling, and wonderful experience for all,

and a most successful play. At last we had the right amount of money for our trip.

On April 17, 1950, eighteen members of the class and their chaperons left for the further end of "Nowhere". Here we enjoyed the attractions and overcame the hazards met by any traveler. But as all things start, they must also come to an end, so that on April 20, we returned to civilized Mars to complete our last ten weeks of the four-year course. Those weeks went by so quickly! No one can actually realize how we felt when on June 22 an announcement was made that the twenty who had survived the training period could return to Earth on the following day. On the evening of June 22, each one was presented a paper allowing him to return home. To receive those papers, our diplomas, had been our chief ambition during those four years.

On Friday morning, June 23, three rocket ships were waiting for us, just one-half the number that brought us up. We departed with joy, and a little sorrow in our hearts, because we would never be able to share the same experiences again. We boarded the ships and flew back to Earth, and when we were 700 miles from our landing destination, we once again came into contact with gravity which pulled at us like an elastic, and p-l-i-n-g we were home again. Stepping from the ship, we drew in our first breath of fresh air, and again became normal people, for there before our eyes was the mat:

"Welcome Home"

MARION JOHNSON

Class Will

We, the class of 1950, having accumulated various valuable items and abilities during the past four years which must now be disposed of, hereby sign, seal, and deliver this document as our last will and testament on this, the twenty-first day of June, 1950. To everyone with whom we have been associated we leave our thanks for their help and encouragement during the times when it was most needed.

To Miss Dunphy we leave the pictures of the New York trip (if she can get them).

To Mr. Merritt we leave a fire-extinguisher to put out various bonfires occurring near his office.

To Mr. Foster we leave the fond memories of all the hard work done by this class in his courses.

To Mr. Branch we leave venetian blinds for all his windows so he can get plenty of light without the sun shining in.

To Mrs. Grinnell we leave a set of ear plugs so she won't be bothered by her classes when she comes in late.

To Mr. Tonet we leave a case of Wheaties to distribute among his various teams so that they will win some games.

To Miss Lovechio we leave a cushion to put on her chair so that she will be able to see her students over the top of her desk.

To Mae we leave a private office so she won't be bothered by Mr. Merritt and Miss Dunphy.

To Merrill we leave the cooperation we gave Vernon in leaving the rooms messy so that he would have something to do.

Charles Warner leaves his shyness when girls are around to Richard Houghton.

Allen Warner leaves his ability to make it look as if he is doing something when he really isn't to Normie Tiley who could use this trait.

Henry Warner leaves his ways with Freshmen girls to Burkie Ray who can use them next year.

Philip Morin leaves his habit of chewing gum constantly and getting away with it to Aaron Brown.

Donald Baldwin and Shirley Magdalenski leave their acting talent to two juniors who may need it next year when they have a play. Shirley also leaves her hatred of men to Jean Ellen Harlow.

Anne Sabo leaves her ability for always getting her picture taken at the wrong moment to Murilyn Graves.

Anna Mae Sincage leaves her unceasing chattering to anyone in actual need of it.

Marion Johnson leaves her quiet ways to Henry Bisbee as he could use a few of them.

Earl Richardson leaves his prowess as an athlete to Frank Smith who already has a good start.

Robert Liimatainen leaves his love of the New York Yankees to Gilbert Sears.

Reta Ice leaves her constant giggling to Betty Hathaway.

Joyce Colson leaves her ability to catch her man to Ellen Jean Bancroft.

Anne Gates leaves her shyness to Shirley Hathaway. She thinks she could use some.

Bobby McCord leaves his shadow to the junior girls as they seem to swoon every time he is around.

Robert Sharpe leaves a '42 Chrysler to one of the junior boys so they will be able to use it after play rehearsals.

Lucy Barnas leaves her quiet ways to Lucia Penfield.

Joyce Morin leaves her flirtatious ways to Patty Culver to add to those that she already has.

Warren McAvoy leaves his camera to anyone who can operate it with the hope that they get as many chances to use it as he did.

We, the senior class, leave the juniors the fun we had after play rehearsals and hope they have as many wonderful experiences in their senior year as we did.

Witnessed by
a 1942 Chrysler
a 35 MM camera
and
ALLEN OSCAR WARNER,
President of the Class of 1950
WARREN O. McAVOY

Class Prophecy

Last week, June 22, 1970, I came back from my long awaited vacation trip to the mountains. I came back with an odd tale lingering in my memory. Let me tell you what happened. On a bright sunny day I set out from the mountain lodge alone. I was off to explore the giant mountain off to the east. It was a long and tedious trip and by the time I reached the half way point I sat down to rest. It was then I noticed a cave in one of the giant rocks. "Curiosity killed the cat," I thought, but pushed aside the brush half concealing the entrance and went inside. As all good hikers do, I carried a flashlight, much needed at the moment, for before I had gone far into the mouth of the cave, the light from the outside was gone. I followed the tunnel far and long and presently came to a flight of stairs. The rest of the journey was all down flights of stairs. Upon reaching the foot of the stairs, I saw a large door in front of me. It was ajar so I peeked in. There before my eyes was another world! Stores, houses, factories, hospitals, and even schools! It was a perfect model of the world from which I had just come. I went inside and began to walk down the street. So many of the faces of the passing people were familiar. After inquiries I learned that this whole little world was inhabited only by those persons who had graduated from Williamsburg High School. Again curiosity got the best of me and I asked where I could find my classmates from the class of 1950. I was directed to the circus grounds.

Strolling around the grounds, I noticed a huge crowd gathered around the "Ring the Bell, Test your Strength, and Win a Cigar" booth. I finally pushed my way through the mob and what I saw made me double up with laughter. The 50-foot post with the bell on top had broken and there was Anne Sabo, my old chum, substituting for it so the "show could go on." The weight struck her chin and made a bell ringing sound with such clearness and quality of tone that I knew that the brain of our class had at long last found a worthwhile occupation.

The next house I noticed was the "Unusual Occupations" one. I went inside and immediately noticed a little room with a big sign on the door. It read, "Are you tired, worn out, run down, from rubbing yourself dry with one of those great big towels after baths? We have the perfect and only solution!!" My inquisitive nature led me in. The room contained a bathtub. On the wall were two signs about a foot apart. One said "Breathe Here"; the other, "Turn switch here." Then who should come up and slap me on the back but Allen Warner. This, he explained, was the result of a life time devoted to inventing. "Instead of overworking by drying yourself with a heavy towel, you breathe into this little hole before you get into the tub. When you step out, you turn the switch, and out through this little hole comes the hot air you breathed into the hole before. Hesto-Presto—you are dry." This I thought, was so typical of Allen—always after an easier way of getting things done. He had been a great speaker as president of our class —I imagine that's where he formed the "hot-air" idea.

I decided it was time I got a little exercise. I asked the policeman where I might find a booth where you pitch three balls for a dime. When I got there, I paid the man the dime, took one of the balls in my hand, and waited until the head came poking through the hole in the canvas. As soon as what appeared to be a head came in sight I threw the ball, and hit it right on the nose. To my amazement he yelled, "Hey, Outhuse, what's the big idea?" At a closer look I noticed that in spite of two black eyes and an enlarged nose, Donald Baldwin had not changed a bit. Ducky never had been able to duck the erasers in the class-room, so I was surprised that he choose a career such as this.

I then noticed a huge crowd gathered around a boxing ring. As I came nearer, I could make out the barker's words — "Who can stay in the ring sixty seconds with the 'Red Beetle'? $10,000 to each and every one who can!!!" Then he stepped aside and behind him was the "Red Beetle", none other than Earl Richardson. He was now the world champion wrestler. It brought to mind the day in school when he had had a box of Wheaties in his desk—I guess they brought results.

Next I went into the lion's den so to speak. There were all kinds of lions and tigers and other members of the cat family, in cages all up and down the sides of the den. According to the schedule it was almost time for the show to start and I decided it would be very interesting to observe. But at that moment a bell rang and all the cage doors automatically flew open and every cat in the place sprang toward me. Only then did I realize that I shouldn't be in there. Those wild, growling, ferocious cats were pushing toward me. Then, all at once they stopped in their tracks and lay down upon the floor with innocent looks on their faces. From behind came a voice—"Don't be afraid now. They're under control." I turned around and there was Bobby Liimatainen. He was the owner and trainer of all these animals. He then gave me exciting accounts of his perilous journeys into darkest Africa in search of

these wild beasts. I remembered his pet like had always been sports.

Joyce Colson was the next person I met. She had a house right on the circus grounds and I went to see her "little" family. She had married soon after graduation as she had planned. However, she was not too well off and was forced to enter her three sets of quintuplets in the life of the circus. The first five were all beautiful blonde girls like their mother and were running a dance hall to support her. The other ten children were all boys—she always had a fancy for the male of the species—and were performing various jobs around the circus.

From behind one of the wagons I heard someone shouting and speaking in a very forceful way. I investigated and found that the source of this noise was the medicine-woman, Lucy Banas. She had become a saleswoman for a medicine company and was trying to sell "Broken Toenail Conditioner". What a change from the quiet and shy girl I knew back in high school!

It was now time for the show inside the big main tent. Once inside I managed to get a ringside seat. Onto the circular platform danced a big, white charger, beautifully arrayed in glittering jewels. Upon his back was one of the most graceful bareback dancers I had ever seen. Around and around they went, the dancer doing quick little ballet steps up and down the horse's back. But, suddenly the horse knelt down and the cute little dancer was thrown to the ground. I couldn't believe my eyes for despite the disguise I recognized Henry Warner. His wig and false eyelashes had fallen off in the tumble. It reminded me of the time in New York when he had done a dance for us wearing Reta's housecoat.

Then, as Henry picked himself off the floor, the music switched to "He floats through the air with the greatest of ease, the daring young man on the flying trapeze." I looked to the top of the tent and there was Warren McAvoy, swinging gracefully by his toes. That in itself was utterly amazing as he had always dreaded high places, but on top of that he was taking flashbulb pictures of the audience. Even in high school he was clever about getting unusual shots of unsuspecting people. But the difference was — whereas he used to sell them for a dime apiece, he was now selling them for $100.00 apiece. "Quite a living!" quoth Mackie as he flew through the air.

The next person to enter was the bearded lady. On a closer look, as she paraded by, I noticed that here was another of my class mates, Reta Ice. I learned later that poor Reta, trying to fulfill her life's ambition to get married and so change the name Ice, which she detested, had at last given up hope of getting a man. She vowed revenge and became the only living lady in the world with a **real** beard.

Then came the fat lady, and I do mean fat. In her short waddle around the ring, she knocked down three men, one tent post, and two horses! Was this really Marion Johnson? I remembered her nickname, "Fat", in high school, and decided it had at last gone to her head.

As soon as the fat lady had waddled out of the ring, someone walked in completely covered with spiders and snakes. I immediately thought of my pal, Shirley Magdalenski, and her phobia for insects and snakes, and wished she were here with me. She couldn't even stand the sight of them. She used to draw pictures of them and then scream at the pictures — that's how bad it was. Now the snakes and spiders dropped to the ground at a signal from their trainer. Then all went black, but when I recovered from my faint, the scene before me was still the same. It was Shirley! After the show she walked around the grounds with me, and while we were looking for more classmates, she told me I must be awfully stupid not to have known that she had the largest collection of snakes and bugs in the world and had risked her life in the perilous jungles

to achieve such fame. She was earning millions with those trained insects.

Once outside the main tent, Shirley and I began our tour. "Let's have our fortunes told! There's a booth over there." Madame Gypsy Seemore La-Rosa met us inside the dark tent. Once accustomed to the dark, we recognized our Madame as Anne Gates. She told us that the reason for her quietness in school was that she had been studying and analyzing us, as she had had high hopes of becoming an honest fortune-teller. "What's more," she informed us, "I could have told you then that our class would eventually land in the circus."

It was now time for us to repair lipstick in the powder room. From outside we heard the sound of tap dancing. We opened the door and saw a large crow gathered around the matron, or attendant. There in her blue uniform was Anna Mae Sincage doing one of her old tap routines. The dance soon ended and all the ladies tossed money to her. "You see," she said to us, "I'm the attendant for the powder room and I tap dance for the ladies to earn enough in tips to support my husband."

We heard someone calling "Come see the Sheik; only one quarter of a dollar. The only living sheik now inhabiting our country." We paid our twenty-five cents and went inside. A servant took us into the harem and lo and behold, there was the sheik of our class, Philip Morin, surrounded by thirty of the most beautiful girls in the world. They were waiting on him hand and foot, and don't think he didn't look proud. He told us that he had played the leading role in several movies, one of them oriental, and so enjoyed having many beautiful women to look at that he retired, buying all the women on the M.G.M. lot with a portion of his millions.

There was Hawaiian music coming from the distance and following its sound we soon came upon a line of hoola-dancers. A rehearsal for the evening show was going on and to our utter amazement, Robert Sharpe was the instructor. What rhythm those gals had — Sharpie certainly taught them to dance well. "But," he said, "Wait a second and see my pride and joy." Out through the curtain came a big pile of bubbles. They flitted around the stage for a minute before I recognized the person under them. It was Joyce Morin! Sharpie boasted that one of his pupils, namely Joyce, was one of the most famous bubble dancers in both the inside and outside world.

Shirley, still accompanying me, supposedly being a man-hater, had never been in a tunnel-of-love. Therefore, we started out to find one. We succeeded and we also found another classmate, Charlie Warner, who had a reputation for having a girl on every corner. He was the sole owner of this tunnel of love. We rode through and he explained to us, "You'd be surprised how many different girls I meet this way. It's very unfortunate how many of their dates happen to 'fall' overboard." He had a device hooked up that dumped only the male of the species overboard. Shirley left to get ready for her next show.

I had now seen almost all my classmates and knew that Fate would see that I saw all of them before the day was over. My next stop was one of those circular halls where they have motorcycle races. On a big sign out front was an announcement—"Come in and see the fantastic, daredevil ride of Robert McCord." The motorcycle started—a bugle played—and Bob started his famous ride to death. Around and around he went—higher and higher—up the wall—round and round, constantly climbing. Finally with the greatest speed ever witnessed by human eye, he reached the top of the wall and then, up-side down, circled the ceiling—around and around. Then he cut the motor toward us, waved his hand, and said, "Nothin' to it. Got in

practice going around in circles in school." I told him that I had seen everyone of our classmates and was very surprised that they were all living and working in one place. Then he informed me that since our class had always gotten along so well together they decided to stay together in this inside world. Being fun lovers, they decided that a circus would be the best place for them. I told him I would be back in a few days to live with the graduates of Burgy High.

So you see, here I am, back in the outside world. But I have my meager possessions together, have bidden farewell to my past, and am on my way back to the cave, back to the circus, back to the underworld of the graduates of Burgy High.

ELAINE OUTHUSE

Prophecy on the Prophetess

Twenty years had now passed since graduation and I could never help pondering about the class of 1950. I hadn't seen any of them since that memorable June 22, but one person in particular kept coming to my mind, so I finally decided to visit her. I didn't know where she was or how to reach her, but it finally dawned on me that back in 1950 she was planning to be an artist. So I began my search.

I boarded a train headed for New York City and was at Grand Central in no time. After checking into a hotel, I took a cab to Greenwich Village, where I thought I might find Elaine. Sure enough, after three days of inquiring and probing I found Elaine's home, or should I say studio. Elaine naturally did not expect to see me and at first didn't recognize me as she opened the door. But it wasn't long before we were talking of old times and familiar places. As we talked my eyes wandered over the dark room. Here and there were little wooden figures of all kinds. A few oils were piled in the corner.

"Well," I said, as I got up to leave, "I see you finally accomplished your ambition to become an artist."

"Oh, yes," she answered sweetly, and added as she picked up a wooden figure, "aren't they cute?"

"Yes," I stuttered. "What about them?"

"This is my art, my profession," she exclaimed, with wide eyes and harsh voice. "I whittle. Here," she said, "take it," puting one of her odd wooden masterpieces into my hand.

I stammered my thanks and hastily departed, leaving behind my Bohemian friend. Later, in my hotel room, disappointed and disillusioned, I studied the wooden figure Elaine had given me, and wondered why I had ever decided to visit her.

Class Grinds — Girls

My half of the poem concerns the girls,
Some have straight hair and others curls.
This rhyme is not about a particular one,
For you see this is just for fun.

Lucy Barnas is the smallest in the class,
Her home's up in Chesterfield, Mass.
She comes to school daily on the bus,
And you never here her making a fuss.

For our next victim we take a lass,
Who the boys say has plenty of class,
She has blonde hair and says it's not dyed,
But if you ask me, Joyce Colson lied.

When Anne Gates came to Burgy this year,
She brought along plenty of good cheer.
When she leaves we'll be able to say,
Certainly a good friend went away.

We come to a girl with a real cold name,
She hopes for good fortune and fame,
It's none other than Reta Ice,
Who'll end up being showered with rice.

When she's old and maybe gray,
People who know will always say,
Marion Johnson from Haydenville, Mass.,
Was one of the best in the senior class.

Shirley Magdalenski is the next one's name,
Sometimes we wonder if she is sane,
But she must be—she's so nifty,
She was voted the Vamp of '50.

From the Searsville hills comes Joyce Morin,
Sometimes she regrets the day she was born.
She's full of pep and a lot of fun,
But she never has her homework done.

Elaine Outhouse is victim number eight.
Whenever we see her we know it's late.
To be an artist is her one desire.
In the field of art may she soar higher and higher.

Her hair is red, her eyes are blue,
Some say she's six feet two.
By now I'm certain you must know,
Of course I'm talking about Anne Sabo.

Anna Mae's ambition is to be a wife,
She hopes to be one the rest of her life.
If she ever gets tired of it, you know,
Home to mother she will go.

Of our ten girls now I've told you.
If you knew them you'd like them, too.
Of the boys now you'll hear things nice
So I'll turn you over to Reta Ice.

Class Grinds — Boys

My half of the poem concerns the boys
A rhyme about each one.
I'll try to tell you all their joys—
This poem is just for fun.

Baldwin hits the top of the list
My helper in these grinds.
What he needs is a psychiatrist.
A joke he always finds.

From the hills of Chesterfield
Comes the guy with the long last name.
Liimatainen, Dodgers, Ebbets Field,
To us they're all the same.

What's this, what's that, what can it be?
Chickens and glads galore!
Goodness g r a c i o u s ! It must be Macky—
Success is his next door.

Bob McCord is my next victim.
He's handsome, that's a fact.
All the girls just flock around him.
M. G. M., where's his contract?

Although Philip Morin misses the bus
He's seldom late for class.
Everyone knows he's a handsome cuss,
Known for his play mustache.

Earl Richardson is the quiet one
In our small but well-known class.
But nevertheless, he's full of fun
For baseball leagues, he'll pass.

"Chryslers and speed are just for me"
That sounds about like Sharpe.
But does he know St. Peter's fee
Is nothing more than a harp?

Allen Warner is the one now sought
Who has his school days spent
Trying to do wrong and not get caught.
Why? He's the president!

Last of all come the class twins,
Charles and Henry Warner
They seem to have the very same whims,
A girl on every corner.

Of our ten boys, now I've told you,
In the class of 1950.
If you knew them as we girls do
You'd say, "They're pretty nifty."

RETA ICE

Class Statistics

Prettiest Girl . . . . . Joyce Colson
Handsomest Boy . . . . . Charles Warner
Most Popular Girl . . . . . Joyce Morin
Most Popular Boy . . . . . Henry Warner
Best Girl Dancer . . . . . Anna Mae Sincage
Best Boy Dancer . . . . . Robert McCord
Best Dressed Girl . . . . . Anna Mae Sincage
Best Dressed Boy . . . . . Warren McAvoy
Quietest Student . . . . . Anne Gates
Class Vamp . . . . . Shirley Magdalenski
Class Sheik . . . . . Philip Morin
Smartest Student . . . . . Anne Sabo
Best Girl Athlete . . . . . Reta Ice
Best Boy Athlete . . . . . Earl Richardson
Best All-Round Student . . . . . Joyce Colson
Man Hater . . . . . Lucy Barnas
Woman Hater . . . . . Robert Liimatainen
Student Most Likely to Succeed . . . . Allen Warner
Class Wit . . . . . Donald Baldwin
Most Bashful Student . . . . . Robert Sharpe
Jolliest Student . . . . . Shirley Magdalenski
Most Business Like . . . . . Marion Johnson
Class Actress . . . . . Shirley Magdalenski
Class Actor . . . . . Donald Baldwin
Class Artist . . . . . Elaine Outhuse

"Seniorscope"

ROBERT C. McCORD **"Cordy"**
Ambition: Air Corps
Pet Likes: Planes, fancy clothes, short girls
Pet Dislike: Sophisticated Girls
Weakness: Blondes
Noted for: The Calvin on Sunday nights
Favorite saying: I'll take you up on that!
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Mule Train"
Favorite movie: "The Outlaw"

WARREN O. McAVOY **"Macky"**
Ambition: Raising flowers
Pet Likes: Glads and Calla lilies.
Pet Dislike: Getting up in the morning
Weakness: Garden tractors
Noted for: Driving
Favorite saying: May I be excused?
Favorite color: Yellow
Favorite song: "Thou Swell"
Favorite movie: "King Henry V"

ANNE GATES
Ambition: Home Economics Vocation
Pet Likes: Collecting dogs and sewing
Pet Dislike: School
Weakness: Tall boys
Noted for: Quietness
Favorite saying: Oh, Nuts!
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Polonaise"
Favorite movie: "Little Women"

JOYCE MAXINE COLSON **"Jo"**
Ambition: To have a happy marriage
Pet Like: Earrings
Pet Dislike: School
Weakness: "Bill" Mason
Noted for: Laugh
Favorite saying: Wow!
Favorite color: Green
Favorite song: "Sitting by the Window"
Favorite movie: "My Friend Irma"

MARION JOHNSON **"Fat"**
Ambition: To go ahead
Pet Likes: Apple pie and bananas
Pet Dislike: English Literature
Weakness: Reading good books
Noted for: Promptness
Favorite saying: Oh, fudge!
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Polonaise"
Favorite movie: "Hamlet"

ROBERT LIIMATAINEN **"Limmy"**
Ambition: To succeed in whatever I do
Pet Likes: Fishing, hunting, and baseball
Pet Dislike: People who hate these sports
Weakness: Listening to Dodger games
Noted for: Being a Dodger fan
Favorite saying: "Oh Boy"
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Old Master Painter"
Favorite movie: 1949 World Series

SHIRLEY MAGDALENSKI **"Margret"**
Ambition: U. S. Wacs
Pet Like: Dancing
Pet Dislikes: Quiet people, men
Weakness: Modern music
Noted for: Hating men, acting silly
Favorite saying: I can't stand it!
Favorite color: Black
Favorite song: "St. Louis Blues"
Favorite movie: "Guadalcanal Diary"

ELAINE OUTHUSE
Ambition: To be happy
Pet Likes: Vanilla cokes and Sat. nights
Pet Dislikes: Lima beans, Tim Holt, braggarts
Weakness: Normie, Snack Bar
Noted for: Pin-up sketches
Favorite saying: I love you, too
Favorite color: Yellow
Favorite song: "Prisoner of Love"
Favorite movie: "My Foolish Heart"

PHILIP V. MORIN **"Fibber"**
Ambition: Physical education or U. S. Navy
Pet Likes: Sports, pastries, nice clothes
Pet Dislikes: Silly girls, stubborn people, English IV
Weakness: Girls, money
Noted for: Insulting people, teasing, being late for school
Favorite saying: "Take off"
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "When I Get You Alone Tonight"
Favorite movie: "Battleground"

EARL RICHARDSON
Ambition: To travel and to play baseball
Pet Like: Baseball
Pet Dislike: Winter and liver
Weakness: Movies
Noted for: Arguing and playing baseball
Favorite saying: "Christmas"
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Open Door, Open Arms"
Favorite movie: "Pride of the Yankees'

ROBERT SHARPE **"Sharpie"**
Ambition: Make a million
Pet Like: Money
Pet Dislike: School, especially English
Weakness: Women
Noted for: '42 Chrysler
Favorite saying: Who me?
Favorite color: Yellow
Favorite song: "Ghost Riders"
Favorite movie: "Sands of Iwo Jima"

ANNA MAE SINCAGE **"Birdie"**
Ambition: To get married
Pet Like: Harvey
Pet Dislike: English
Weakness: Harvey
Noted for: Talking about Harvey
Favorite saying: Oh, No!
Favorite color: Yellow
Favorite song: "Again"
Favorite movie: "Joan of Arc"

ALLEN WARNER **"Pete"**
Ambition: To be an M. D.
Pet Likes: Biology and fried clams
Pet Dislikes: Liver and English
Weakness: Driving
Noted for: Disagreeing with the rest of the Seniors
Favorite saying: This is a class meeting, shut up!
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "The Hills of Home"
Favorite movie: "My Friend Flicka"

CHARLES WARNER **"Chuck"**
Ambition: One million dollars and a Cadillac convertible
Pet like: Blondes
Pet Dislike: Afternoon classes, pistachio
Weakness: Women
Noted for: Skipping classes
Favorite saying: Wha' cha doing?
Favorite color: Maroon
Favorite song: "Always"
Favorite movie: "Battleground"

HENRY WARNER
Ambition: Get Married
Pet Like: Farming, horses
Pet Dislike: School
Weakness: Nancy
Noted for: Devilish tricks
Favorite saying: "Come on Baby-Doll"
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Ghost Riders in the Sky"
Favorite movie: "Battleground"

ANNE SABO
Ambition: Happiness
Pet Likes: People, expensive food
Pet Dislikes: Liver, world history, dull people
Weakness: Anything green
Noted for: "Brown" hair, studying
Favorite saying: "Well, you see, it's like this,"
Favorite color: Green
Favorite song: Anything from bebop to Bach
Favorite movie: "Gone With the Wind"

RETA ICE **"Veasel"**
Ambition: To be successful
Pet Like: Having fun
Pet Dislike: Washing dishes
Weakness: Sword fish and strong vanilla coke
Noted for: Sarcasm
Favorite saying: I'm bored!
Favorite color: Green
Favorite song: "Dust"
Favorite movie: "Battleground"

LUCY BARNAS **"Cookie"**
Ambition: To be happy
Pet Likes: Swimming, movies
Pet Dislike: School
Weakness: Chicopee
Noted for: Being quiet
Favorite saying: Oh!
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Because"
Favorite movie: "Battleground"

DONALD BALDWIN **"Ducky"**
Ambition: To go out West
Pet Like: Chocolate Pie
Pet Dislike: Shakespeare
Weakness: Northampton
Noted for: Oversleeping
Favorite saying: Details, Details
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Home in Indiana"
Favorite movie: "Going My Way"

JOYCE MARY MORIN **"Shorty"**
Ambition: Get Married
Pet Like: "John"
Pet Dislike: School
Weakness: Raising Cain
Noted for: Quick Temper
Favorite saying: "Oh, I Know It!"
Favorite color: Blue
Favorite song: "Sentimental Me"
Favorite movie: "Mrs. Mike"

CLASS OF 1951

Front row, left to right: Lucia Penfield, Marilyn Black, Elizabeth Hathaway, Ruth Bisbee, Jane Smith, Dorothy Brewer, Alice Curtis, Jean Ellen Harlow.

Middle row, left to right: Joan Baldwin, Joan Bachand, Barbara Durbin, Marlene Shay, Murilyn Graves, Shirley Hathaway, Aaron Brown.

Back row, left to right: Herbert Nye, Arthur Clary, Norman Tiley, Gilbert Sears, Burke Rye, James Magdalenski.

Class of '51

Here we are in front of you,
Hoping next year we will be through.
We don't look studious or too smart,
But Burgy High is just our start.

Here we are — gaining knowledge,
Which will carry us to college.
Here our lives have just begun,
This wonderful class of '51.

JEANNE ELLEN HARLOW

CLASS OF 1952

Front row, left to right: Jeannine Bernier, Helen Baldwin, Joan Damon, John Warner, Richard Houghton, Richard Pierce, Nancy Bickford, Alyce Kwiecinski, Sylvia Nye.

Middle row: left to right: Sally Adams, Janet Nichols, Janet Miller, Eileen O'Brien, Ruth McAvoy, Nancy Gates, Mary Graves, Gail Papineau, Lois Mollison.

Back row, left to right: Robert Ames, Eugene Penfield, Harry Pomeroy, Bruce Purrington, David Kendall, Elson Hathaway, Edward Merritt, Wilbur Loomis.

Someday

Someday when we're a little older,
And some, perhaps, a little bolder,
We will travel the rugged road,
And share with others the heavy load.

Someday we'll be in great demand,
Someday, leaders of this fair land,
And we'll be ready to meet the call,
We'll stand firm — one and all.

We'll meet the trials and pass the tests,
Living justly — our happiness,
We'll be steadfast, loyal, and true,
We're the grand class of '52.

NANCY BICKFORD

CLASS OF 1953

Front row, left to right: Barbara Derouin, Janice Richardson, Ramon Sears, Frank Smith, Sidney Nichols, Nancy Outhuse, Blanche Roberge, Patricia Evans.

Middle row, left to right: William Hayden, Julia Kolosewicz, Karyl Ronka, Mary Jane Curtis, Jean Tiley, Ellen Jean Bancroft, Gordon Parker.

Back row, left to right: Richard Purrington, Henry Bisbee, Paul Blanchard, David Heath, James Carson, Raymond Rice.

We

Look my friends,
And you will see,
The Freshmen
Class of '53.

A lively group —
Some thin, some fat,
But all agree
Some class at that!

We never shirk
At work or play
So here's to us,
We're on our way.

JEAN TILEY

Literary

The Road From Utopia

We individual Americans have always held the key to prosperity in the palms of our hands. Individual enterprise and economic solidarity have opened doors to success and happiness for the average American. As a nation, we are in a position to re-establish economic security and aid rehabilitation in other countries. Political and economic freedom have enabled us to envision America as a veritable Utopia, halted in its final step towards perfection by the absence of world peace and unity. But prosperity has blinded us to the fact that we reached a peak in economic freedom long ago, and that, today, we no longer are headed towards Utopia, but away from it.

In our more or less constant struggle as a capitalistic nation versus socialistic Russia on a world-wide scale, we tend to ignore the conflict between socialism and capitalism within our own government. Perhaps we fear to recognize the fact that socialism has made its conquests so easily within the past few years. Some of us acknowledge unwelcome changes in federal administration but are loath to label them as socialism. It is time for us to face the facts and admit to ourselves that we are swiftly approaching the 'welfare state', basis of the socialist's sales talk and symbol of economic chaos.

First of all, let's analyze the situation by outlining the ways in which we have veered from the straight and narrow path of capitalism. Perhaps our biggest and most dangerous change has been in the growing power of our labor unions. In the beginning, the labor union was distinctly of benefit to the underprivileged worker, for he finally had a weapon with which to oppose management in the fight for better wages and better working conditions. But when the word of a single union official can paralyze essential industries for a dangerous interval during a war, the power of the union has gone too far. John L. Lewis actually launched his United Mine Workers on such a strike in 1944, and it is doubtful whether or not he would have respected the government order to go back to work even then if it had not been wartime. Such recent measures as the Taft-Hartley Bill that have been passed to limit and restrict the power of unions have actually been ignored. Isn't it about time for us to question the advisability of such power in the hands of non-government organizations? Such power can ultimately result only in the sky-high prices that accompany high wages. It is also a boon to government bureaucrats, the forerunners of irresponsible socialist administrators.

The second danger sign that we should have noted was the tendency towards government control of industry under the New Deal. True, the organizations of the New Deal were for the purpose of employing the unemployed and establishing economic stability, but after this was accomplished, many of them stayed in existence. Steps were even taken to put electrical power in the hands of the government when the much-disputed Tennessee Valley Authority was organized. Great Britain is an actual illustration of conditions created by such government controls. There government monopolies of power, fuel, and transportation have resulted in a complete loss of individual enterprise, for no private businessman can operate without these essentials. Here again, such controls mean more government bureaus and the high taxes that are necessary to support the 'welfare state' administrators.

The next time someone endorses socialized medicine or its counterparts in your presence, think of the 'welfare

state' in its true light and remember that these little attempts at socialism are a beginning worth watching. They lead to more and bigger government controls and the taxation, high prices, inflation of currency, and general economic instability that accompany them. They can mean a loss of individual enterprise for you, and that is a part of your heritage as an American citizen that should never be relinquished. The road to socialism is paved by government control, not individual liberty. That is why we must learn the lesson that Britain has taught us. We must build a strong and a more democratic America in hope that we may soon be able to find a detour on the road leading from Utopia.

ANNE SABO '50

Memoirs of a Baby Sitter

The lot of the baby sitter is a hard one. To set with someone's oversized package of dynamite is no cinch.

This is how it starts. The phone rings one night while you're sitting peacefully in a chair, reading a torrid romance. You say to yourself that you're glad that you don't have to babysit tonight. Alas! Your joy is short-lived. Your mother answers the phone. You hear her say, "Why of course, Mrs. Blank, I'm sure she'd just love to come over. Yes, I'll tell her. Goodbye. Oh by the way, did you ever hear about Jean's operation? You didn't? Well, I heard that yakety yakety yak————. Well goodbye. I'll tell her you want her. Bye, now." Mother comes bouncing into the room and says, "Why aren't you ready to go to Mrs. Blank's? She wants you to be there at 8:00 and here it is, 7:45 already. Why can't you learn to hurry?"

Well, you finally arrive in time at the Blank's. On time, in fact, to put "little" Willie to bed. Mrs. Blank is still getting dressed at 8:30 and Mr. Blank is walking back and forth to the car from the house and wondering why the blankety-blank women can't dress faster. Finally she is ready to go, and so are you when "little" Willie suddenly lashes out with his little hoof right into your shin. "Goodbye, Mrs. Blank, I'm sure he'll be no trouble at all." This last being choked out between clenched teeth.

The Blanks have finally gotten off and you have the house all to yourself and "little" six-year old Willie, and he is upstairs gagged and tied in bed where he'll do no harm. You settle down to your torrid romance which by this time is only partially warmed over. —Did you just hear a little pitter patter on the stairs? It was probably just your imagination, so you settle down again. —You begin to get nervous. There's that sound again. This time you see the door open slightly. Are your eyes deceiving you or is it really true. Yes, it is. It's Willie! You forgot that his father was the local Boy Scout leader and probably had taught him how to undo knots. Now what would you do to keep him quiet? A thought comes into your fiendish, warped brain, but you discard it. They might convict you of manslaughter. No, that wouldn't be any good. Why don't you just give up? You know you're licked. Oh well, you can't have your own way every time. You finally ask Willie what he wants and why he came downstairs. He tells you he wants something to eat, preferably a pickle with a glass of milk, a dish of pistacio ice-cream, and a peanut butter sandwich. You start wondering if he has a normal stomach or one of cast iron. After he's finished with this mess, you send him to bed. Five minutes later you go upstairs to see if he is sick yet, but this is the sight that greets your eyes: Willie is sound asleep with an "angelic" smile on his face. You begin to wonder.

The Blanks arrive home. You eagerly start wondering how much you're going to get. Mrs. Blank reaches into her purse for the money but can't seem to find anything but a ten-dollar bill. You feel like saying that that would

do, but don't. Mr. Blank hasn't any change at all, so he says that he will pay you some other time. Oh no! Of course you don't mind!

Anonymous

All names and places in this story are fictitious and any similarity to persons living or dead is purely coincidental.

The United States Flag — Symbol of Equality

I sat on the grass and watched the flag by the grave-stone ripple a little in the breeze. I could not help but think of the other flags that were waving in the same breeze; some of them from the most ornate flagpoles that money can buy, some from old broom-handles, braced in tenement windows. I could see the hands that would lower them at sunset and lay them aside until another day; some would be well-kept, indifferent hands, others would be work-worn hands that would handle the brilliant colors lovingly. I could see the flags being put away; some in expensive leather cases, others on closet shelves under worn copies of the Bible.

I looked at the flag and I knew that there was America. There, embodied in a piece of cloth, were the ideals of freedom and equality for which men live and die. There, before me, in this flag, was the destiny of millions of Americans, whether Christian or Communist, white or black, rich or poor. There was the dream of a few freedom-loving men materialized; a dream of a nation where all men were to be equal —equal, not in respect to riches and education, but equal in the possession of the right to pursue success and happiness.

The annals of history will forever preserve the proof that a democracy symbolized by this flag can survive. America has established the fact in the world that the ideals of democratic statesmen are stronger than the diabolical forces of hate and war. Under the protection of the flag, our rights to speak freely, worship in any manner we wish, and publicize our opinions have remained untouched by opposing forces in the rest of the world. It is evident that we, as a nation, are strong because we, as citizens, are sheltered from the fears and distrusts that breed chaos.

Yet, even as I looked at the flag and thought of the successes of the past that it symbolized, I could not help but think of the present also. I began to wonder how many Americans today take time to realize what their heritage of equality means to them. I thought of the confused turmoil that has been caused in our government and our homes by Communistic powers. Headlines proclaiming another strike or another race-riot flashed before my eyes. Instead of attaining new standards of freedom and equality, it seemed that we were traveling in the other direction, for here were new and bigger gaps between Communist and American, capital and labor, white and black.

I wondered if perhaps the change of environment for the average American who has deserted a farm for a factory job and a tenement room has not resulted in a complete change of ideals. Excess time for leisure and crowded living conditions have resulted in more complaints and discontent. Instead of making use of his gift of equality and free enterprise, the average American is depending more and more upon his leaders. And, most shameful fact of all, he is the man who supports the strikes, Anti-Semetic campaigns and race riots. I suddenly realized that the flag must wave rather sadly over the factory town, symbol of an equality that is slowly ceasing to exist.

Then the future came into view in the form of a huge question mark. Will the

American people begin to realize their equality in time to preserve it in a chaotic world? Will we awaken to the fact that it is our duty, in return for our freedoms, to guide our leaders in building a new, stronger democracy? This is our greatest crisis. We can so easily lose everything, or we can struggle to retain what we have.

But I thought of the future and I became confident, for I was looking at the gravestone instead of the flag. I knew, at once, that there were too many Americans alive today who were willing to die for their country, as this soldier and his country-men did, to allow our ideals to disintegrate and our government to perish. I knew that the rippling banner of stars and stripes would see us through this new problem, as it has done so often in the past. And I dreamed of a brighter tomorrow, when a more secure America will show the world that democracy is the way of life; when oppressed peoples will no longer be oppressed; and when a star-spangled flag will fly over a world of peace where all men are created equal in the eyes of men, as well as in the eyes of God.

ANNE SABO '50

My Home Town

There are many different types of places in which to live. The business section of a city for instance, is one type, while the outskirts of the city is another. Then there is the country type and the type between country and city.

In my opinion the ideal place in which to live is the last type between country and city. This is my home town. As far as looks are concerned, passers-by would call it a one-street town. But living here gives one a far better picture of it. There are many streets in this small town, each a little different from its neighbor. Each one presents a different type of beauty; each has different types of people. These streets are not just names as in a city; each one seems to have a personality all its own.

The people here are like one big family. They all know each other so well they might be father and son or mother and daughter. When there is a death on one street the whole town grieves with the family in which the death occurs; when someone is married everyone turns out for the wedding; when a family has a new arrival, the phone rings repeatedly with congratulations for the proud parents; when one of us needs help, the rest are eager to give it.

Here everyone knows his neighbor as well as the person at the other end of town. Isn't this better than knowing only the people in your block as they do in the city? We're friendly people (or at least try to be). We greet each other on the street; we greet each other at church; we greet each other with cards or gifts at Christmas. We never walk by a person and wonder "Who is that."

Another advantage our town has over the city is that we have our buildings and our trees, too. In the city if one wants to enjoy nature he rides the subway to a "two-by-four" park. Here we find nature at every turn of the head. We have the clean fresh air and we guess the time of day by the sun. We have snow to shovel, grass to cut, and leaves to burn. And yet we have room for our school, our library, our church, our stores, gas stations, and post office.

There are thousands of other little things that could be mentioned but these are the most important. These are my home town.

—ELAINE OUTHUSE

The Departure

You didn't have to take my hand
The day you went away.
You didn't have to smile at me
In your happy shining way.

You didn't even have to say
The things that are usually said.
Because I knew when the time had come
Your path from pain soon would be led.

You didn't have to do those things
Because, you see, I knew
That you were being called
By persons much greater than you.

Jean Ellen Harlow '51

Spring

When winter is dying, and spring is nigh,
When gray tints the snow, and blue tints the sky,
Then gladly I bid cold winter good-by,
And spring sends me greeting on a sweet warm sigh.

She brushes the snow with her soft warm rays—
Into the streams and into the bays,
And on the fields her soft hand lays,
To color the grass in just a few days.

She calls back the birds, into the hills,
And every brook with cool spring water fills,
And after the last of the snow has run, she wills
The flowers to rise, to breathe, to eat from the soil that she tills.

But after fresh spring has done her work and left,
Hot summer comes and begins his reign of theft,
He drinks from the springs and crushes the flowers, with the heft
Of his heat, and burns up the grass with fingers fiery and deft.

Jane Smith

Alumni Notes

Jane Smith

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CLASS OF 1949

Jeanette Baldwin—Working in Hartford

Nancy Dunphy—Student at "Our Lady of Elms"

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Irene Ferron—Employed by the Prophylactic Co.

Dorothy Golash—Employed by the Prophylactic Co.

Theresa LaCourse—A student nurse at the Saint Francis Hospital in Hartford

Ann Leduc—A student nurse at Springfield Hospital

Esther Loomis—A student at Northampton Commercial College

Ruth Merrit—A student nurse at Fitchburg at the Burbank Hospital

Alfred Papineau—Employed at the Berkshire Etching Co.

Lorraine Richardson—A Wac at Camp Lee, Virginia

Arlene Sears—Married

Doris Shumway—A student nurse at the East Hartford Hospital

Mary Sroczek—Employed as a housekeeper in Florence

Howard Tiley—In the lumber business

Frank Vaillancourt—Employed as a tree surgeon

MARRIAGES DURING '49-'50

Chester Letner to Barbara Ann Cone	'45
Gordon Himmelman to Lorraine E. Jones	'45
James F. McAllister Jr. to Mary E. Kenny	'44
Victor A. Brinn to Theadora H. Harlow	'47
Burton H. Linscott to Harriet I. Ice	'47
Leon A. Parsons Jr. to Laura R. Lloyd	'48
William G. Connell to Mary J. Bowker	'43
Henry J. Kopka to Patricia Purseglove	'41
Howard Tiley to June Demerski	'49 '48
Albert H. Cullen to Elizabeth Kulash	'46
Harry Warner Jr. to Esther Billings	'42
Rene A. Desmarais to Beverly Constantine	'44
Donald Wickland to Margaret Webster	'43
Robert T. Wilson to Palma Ingellis	'48
Donald Tirrell to Arlene Sears	'49

DEATHS

Marion Damon Sylvester	'09

BIRTHS

Name	Year Graduated
Son to Geneva Graves Warner	'43
Son to Betty Lou Harlow Sylvester	'43
Son to Hans L. Nietsche	'35
Son to "Buddy" Roberge	'41
Daughter to Catherine Vining Doyle	'35
Daughter to Janice Wells Banister	'39
Son to Marion Sylvester Holman	'44
Son to Lorraine Jones Himmelman	'45
Son to Lena Batura	'42
Daughter to Jean Crone Hogencamp	'43
Son to Shirley Campbell Hathaway	'40
Son to Lois Bisbee Gillman	'32
Son to Vernon West	'37
Son to Agnes Matrishon Cone	'44
Son to Marguerite Sabo Webb	'36
and Otis Webb	'35
Son to Donna Hobbs Damon	'44
and Neil Damon	'45
Son to Eva Sanderson Adkins	'45
Daughter to Rowena Pittsinger Russell	'33
Son to Edwin W. Russell	'35
Daughter to Anna Baj Meehan	'34
Daughter to Richard J. Culver	'41
Son to Raymond Bradford	'35
and Viola Mason	'34
Son to Lena Niewiadomski McCarthy	'35
Son to Lillian Blanchard Green	'37
Daughter to Ruth Black Koczela	'38
Son to Charles J. Watling	'24

"TATTLER"

Front row, left to right: Faculty Advisor, Mrs. Grinnell; Anna Mae Sincage, Elaine Outhuse, Murilyn Graves, Reta Ice, Anne Sabo; Faculty Advisor, Miss Lovechio.
Back row, left to right: Jean Ellen Harlow, Edward Merritt, Robert Liimatainen, Warren McAvoy, Allen Warner, Jane Smith, Philip Morin, Marion Johnson.

"ATOMIC" STAFF

Front row, left to right: Jean Ellen Harlow, Mrs. Grinnell, Frank Smith, Dorothy Brewer, Joyce Morin, Philip Morin, Anna Mae Sincage, Marion Johnson.
Middle row, left to right: Joyce Colson, Elaine Outhuse, Ruth Bisbee, Reta Ice, Ruth McAvoy, Marilyn Balck, Nancy Outhuse, Joan Damon, Shirley Magdalenski.
Back row, left to right: Donald Baldwin, Anne Sabo, Charles Warner, Murilyn Graves, Paul Blanchard, Allen Warner, Bruce Purrington, Jane Smith, Henry Warner.

FORENSIC LEAGUE

Front row, left to right: Jean Ellen Harlow, Dorothy Brewer, Miss Lovechio, Sally Adams, Karyl Ronka.

Back row, left to right: Arthur Clary, Jane Smith, Anne Sabo, Murilyn Graves, Ruth Bisbee.

Forensic

The debating season began this year on November 22, 1949, when representatives from Williamsburg attended and participated in the practice tournament held at Westfield.

Under the supervision and coaching of Miss Maria Lovechio, The Forensic Club witnessed both an enjoyable and successful year, for up until the last debate of the year, Williamsburg was tied for first place honors with Northampton. The two teams met for their second debate on Wednesday, March 1, at which time the home team, negative, went down to defeat by a decision of 2 to 1. This brought the total number of Williamsburg's wins to 6 and losses to 2 while Northampton suffered its only defeat at the hands of our affirmative representatives, Jane Smith and Dorothy Brewer. The negative side of the resolution, Resolved that the president of the U. S. should be elected by a direct vote of the people, was upheld throughout the year by Jeanne Ellen Harlow and Anne Sabo.

In addition to debating, members of the Forensic Club also prepared declamations which were given at a school assembly, Grange, Goshen Women's Club, and various other organizations. Four members: Sally Adams, Murilyn Graves, Anne Sabo, and Jane Smith traveled to Amherst April 1 to attend the Model Congress.

Of those who were active in debating this year, Anne Sabo earned enough points to be awarded the degree of distinction and Jane Smith and Dorothy Brewer obtained the degree of honor.

ORCHESTRA

Front row, left to right: Jane Smith, Murilyn Graves, Sondra Black, Sylvia Nye, Nancy Gates, Joan Culver.

Back row, left to right: Edward Merritt, Elson Hathaway, Ruth McAvoy, David Heath.

GLEE CLUB

Front row, left to right: Sylvia Nye, Reta Ice, Alice Curtis, Marion Johnson, Anna Mae Sincage, Joyce Morin, Alyce Kwiecinski, Joan Baldwin.

Middle row, left to right: Jean Ellen Harlow, Elaine Outhuse, Julia Kolosewicz, Anne Gates, Murilyn Graves, Anne Sabo, Shirley Hathaway, Shirley Magdalenski, Gail Papineau.

Back row, left to right: Burke Ray, Warren McAvoy, Richard Houghton, Bruce Purrington, Edward Merritt, Herbert Nye.

CHORUS

Front row, left to right: Herbert Nye, Elson Hathaway, Henry Bisbee, Edward Merritt, Robert Ames, David Heath, Robert Liimatainen, Frank Smith.

Second row, left to right: Blanche Roberge, Reta Ice, Lucia Penfield, Sylvia Nye, Joan Damon, Alice Curtis, Marion Johnson, Anna Mae Sincage, Joyce Morin, Ellen Jean Bancroft, Alyce Kwiecinski, Joan Baldwin, Shirley Magdalenski.

Third row, left to right: Jean Ellen Harlow, Elaine Outhuse, Karyl Ronka, Patricia Evans, Julia Kolosewicz, Ruth Bisbee, Anne Gates, Joan Bachand, Nancy Gates, Janet Miller, Janet Nichols, Gail Papineau, Lois Mollison.

Fourth row, left to right: Jean Tiley, Anne Sabo, Murilyn Graves, Jane Smith, Warren McAvoy, Richard Houghton, Bruce Purrington, Nancy Outhuse, Ruth McAvoy, Mary Jane Curtis, Nancy Bickford.

"Everybody's Getting Married"

On March 11 of this year a large and expectant group waited in the Town Hall for the curtain to rise on the first performance of "Everybody's Getting Married." The actors in the comedy were members of the senior class of '50 and the director was Mr. Leo Parent. Immediately the audience warmed to the plight of Reginald D'Arcy, portrayed excellently by Allen Warner, who was willed an inheritance of one million dollars by his aunt on the condition that within a month he would bring his aunt's business to a close by finding husbands for six women who were clients of the T. C. S. C. The will presented a further complication in that it forbade Reginald to marry, unless to one of these women, until husbands had been found for all the women.

This plan did not suit Viola Compton, played by Anne Sabo, his fiancee, who promptly returned his ring, but Dean Garret, the role enacted by Charles

PRO MERITO

Front row, left to right: Lucia Penfield, Elaine Outhuse, Marion Johnson, Murilyn Graves.
Back row, left to right: Elizabeth Hathaway, Allen Warner, Anne Sabo, Gilbert Sears, Jane Smith.

Warner, a man about town, agreed to help Reginald out of his confusing situation for a small commission, only $30,000.

The roles of James, the valet, and Miss Effie Cramer, spinster, comically played by Donald Baldwin and Shirley Magdalenski provided the audience with many an occasion for laughter, especially when James was being persistently pursued by Miss Cramer.

Philip Morin gave an excellent performance as the lawyer who finally succumbs to the charms of Dulcey Lane, the show girl played by Anna Mae Sincage.

The other potential wives were played by Elaine Outhuse, Marion Johnson, Joyce Morin, Reta Ice; their would-be husbands were Warren McAvoy, Robert Liimatainen, and Henry Warner.

When the curtain fell, we had seven married couples, a very pleased and enthusiastic audience, and a successful senior class play.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Front row, left to right: Earl Richardson, Frank Smith, Captain Philip Morin, Gilbert Sears, Ramon Sears.

Back row, left to right: Elson Hathaway, Harry Pomeroy, Mr. Tonet, James Johnson, Eugene Penfield.

CHEERLEADERS

Front row, left to right: Reta Ice, Anna Mae Sincage, Joan Culver.

Back row, left to right: Alyce Kwiecinski, Sylvia Nye, Captain Jean Ellen Harlow, Lucia Penfield.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Front row, left to right: Marlene Shay, Joan Damon, Joan Bachand, Joan Culver, Joan Baldwin, Alyce Kwiecinski.

Back row, left to right: Karyl Ronka, Mary Graves, Nancy Outhuse, Eileen O'Brien, Sylvia Nye.

Girls' Basketball

Twelve girls of Williamsburg High formed a basketball team this year under the skillful directing and coaching of Miss Margaret Trainor and "Ted" Ames. The season resulted in few wins but the time devoted to practice was profitably spent, for the girls are now well trained in the fundamental arts of basketball. Bright new green gym suits provided an added incentive to the players as they won their last game of the season against Sanderson with the score of 11 to 10. Future games, in future years, will no doubt give the girls an opportunity to prove their ability as basketball players and enthusiasm as a team.

TEAMS PLAYED	SCORE	
	Opponent	Williamsburg
Powers	37	22
Sanderson	29	10
Huntington	38	30
Powers	33	16
Sanderson	10	11

Autographs

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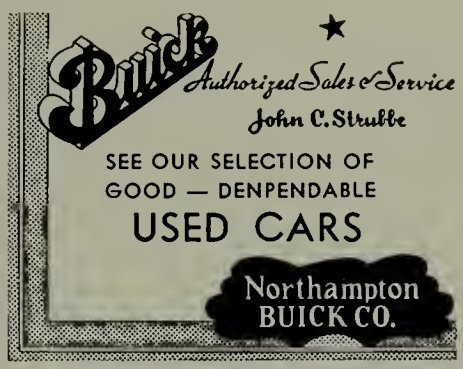

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